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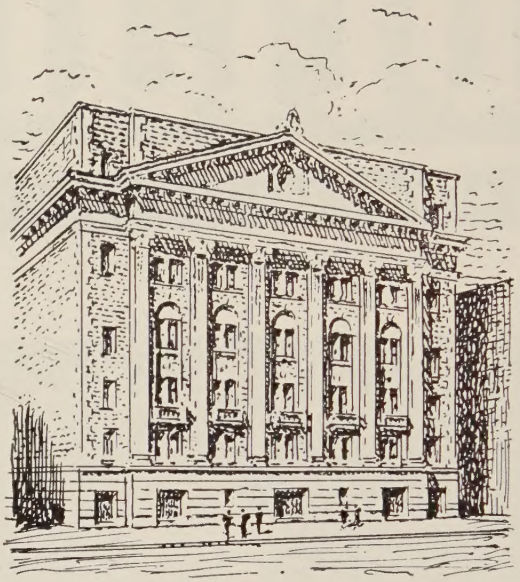
JUNE, 1952

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings." Joyce Kilmer

(A Thousand Beautiful Things—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

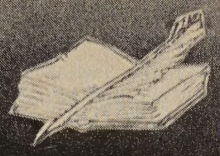
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX *June, 1952* *Number 3*

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found a correction note, correcting three errors which unavoidably crept into the May issue, which I hope every reader will read. I particularly regretted the fact that the beautiful traveling case presented to me was attributed in the May issue to the Men's Club instead of the Usher's Club. There is no more faithful group of workers in our church than our ushers. All winter long they have been constant in their attendance and faithful in their duties. Every noon at the Lenten services in the Erlanger theatre, every night in the church, and four times on Easter Sunday, they were at their posts.

I appreciated of course the gift of the Men's Club, but I deeply regretted that I did not give the Usher's Club the recognition for their splendid gift. I hope they will accept my apologies and my chagrin.

* * *

On the Monday after Easter, as I took the train for New Orleans, I felt more tired than I have felt in a long time. One doesn't realize how much rest is needed until the let-down comes. I told the story of my trip and many of the details in the sermon which I preached after my return, entitled "A Preacher's Holiday," but many of our readers find it impossible to listen to the broadcasts so I am going to mention a few things for them in this month's *Along the Way*.

I was no sooner settled down in my Pullman compartment than the steward of the dining car on the Panama Limited came to me and said Mr. Johnson, the President of the Illinois Central Railroad would like me to be his guest for dinner. Mr. Johnson is one of Chicago's most distinguished and active Christian laymen. He is very much interested in many things of a spiritual and cultural nature in our city and I have met him at various functions.

After a pleasant and restful ride, I raised the blind of my birth in the morning to see entirely different scenery than I had left but a few hours before. The trees were in full leaf and the gardens colorful with blossoms.

On arriving in New Orleans I was met by Mr. E. P. Capelle, the depot ticket agent at the Union Station in New Orleans. He gave me a hearty welcome to New Orleans and arranged for my transportation to the Roosevelt Hotel.

On arrival at the Roosevelt Hotel I was greeted with a welcoming note

from Colonel Seymour Weiss, the Manager of the Hotel, whom I had met on previous occasions when I had addressed the Hotel Men's Association in Chicago and in White Sulphur Springs. Col. Weiss invited me to have dinner with him that evening and we had a very interesting visit. The Colonel is well informed on Southern conditions and my evening was an informative and an inspiring one.

After a good night's rest I took a walk through the pictureque French quarter of New Orleans, took some pictures and absorbed something of the historical significance of old New Orleans.

I lunched in one of my favorite eating places in New Orleans and sat at the same table where Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie and I had dined together when, some years ago, we came to New Orleans for a post-Easter rest. Alone with my memories I thought of all the years and how they bring inevitable change and diversity to life.

Returning to my hotel and taking up my baggage I embarked on the United Fruit ship, the T.E.S. "Chiriqui." Most people do not realize that New Orleans is a port second only to New York in the amount of tonnage handled.

It is always a thrilling experience to see the ship upon which one is to sail for the first time. As I came in a taxi down to the Julius St. Wharf, I saw the two masts of the ship protruding above the dock shed. I was soon walking up the gangplank. I stopped and glanced at this beautiful ship, with graceful lines, shining and glistening white and thought, this is to be my home for twelve days.

Arriving on board I discovered that my baggage was not in room three which had been assigned me and on going to the purser's office was told that inasmuch as there was not a large passenger list on this voyage, the company would like me to accept a suite without any further cost and I soon found myself in Suite A, a spacious two-room accommodation, with writing desk and lounge, far more spacious than my personal wants required, but I accepted the hospitality and enjoyed every moment of the trip.

This suite overlooked the bow and was on the starboard side of the vessel.

Exactly at four o'clock the ship's siren sounded, the lines were cast off, and we were soon on our way down the Mississippi River to the mouth and the Gulf of Mexico. I have always been fascinated by ships and I have always loved the sea. I owned a little wooden rowboat on the Shiawasee River as a boy long before I even could swim and from that time until now boats have played a large part in my life and in my vacations.

The "Chiriqui" is not a large ship if we think of mere tonnage. She was constructed at Newport News, Virginia, in 1932 at an approximate cost of three and a half million dollars. She is 447 feet long, with a beam of 60 feet, and a cruising radius of 7,000 miles. The gross tonnage is 6,998 and it is manned by a crew of 116 men. It was taken over by the Navy during the war and used as a supply ship and naval transport, was in the Normandy invasion, made several trips to the Mediterranean, was out in the Pacific and has had a distinguished career. She is one of the best ships in a sea I have ever been on and I enjoyed every moment aboard her.

Early in the morning I heard the parting signals from the pilot ship at the mouth of the Mississippi and knew we would soon be in the Gulf of Mexico.

All the way to Cristobal in the Panama Canal Zone, the blue water, the cloudless skies, brought strength

and rest. There were only 50 passengers aboard, all of whom were most congenial traveling companions.

I had the honor of being seated at the ship's doctor's table, and found Dr. Leon Gitmul one of the most interesting people I have ever met. His own life story as he told it to me in our conversations, both at the ship's table, as we walked the decks, as we visited in Colon and Cristobal and in Tela, Honduras, was as romantic as any I have ever heard. I suggested to him many times that he ought to write the story. Born in Odessa, of a Mohammedan father and a Greek mother, he early evidenced his interest in science and in medicine, became one of Berlin's best known physicians, and returning to Berlin from a journey one afternoon he called his home and was told by his housekeeper that the Gestapo had been there twice. She urged him not to come home. He never saw his home again. He went to Czechoslovakia for asylum and soon again the Nazis came into power and it was necessary for him to flee once more, finally arriving in New York where he became associated with some of the New York Hospitals and continued his studies in dermatology.

For several years he was the ship's surgeon on a U.S. Navy Transport and has been in almost every important port in the world. The wanderlust still holds him and that is why he accepted a position with the United Fruit Company and was assigned as a ship's physician on the "Chiriqui." He was making his first voyage on her. He has never heard of his family and yet never once did he indicate any bitterness, but only pity, for those who are cruel. He is continuing his studies and his experiments and has had much to do in the field of radiology.

One might think that a ship's doctor, with a small passenger list and not a very large crew would have little to do, but he was busy most of the time, kept regular office hours and on our return to New Orleans it was necessary for every member of the crew and the passenger list to meet him for inspection.

On our arrival in Cristobal on Sunday morning I wanted to do as I always do when I am traveling away from home, find a church service to attend. I soon found that there was in Colon a Union Church of interesting history and, in plenty of time for the service, the United Fruit Company sent a car and a chauffeur for the ship's doctor and myself. We attended the service in a beautiful church, architecturally in harmony with the country and the climate. Open windows looked out upon palm trees.

The Rev. Philip H. Havener conducted the service. Everyone was in summer dress, the minister preaching in a white suit. There was an excellent choir and I was most favorably impressed by seeing many American soldiers and sailors present at the service. Always in the Panama Canal Zone there are many members of our own military. After the service we met the minister and his wife and had a little visit with them, and the next day they invited us to lunch, where we continued our conversation about the religious life in Panama and the working problem of this church. He was a Massachusetts boy and educated there, and comes to his church for a three-year period and then takes a holiday back in the United States. He was very enthusiastic about the work and its future, although the problems are many and difficult. I enjoyed meeting him and I am sure it is the beginning of a lasting friendship.

* * *

My stay in the Panama Canal Zone was a series of interesting experiences,

unusual scenes and meeting interesting people. I had the opportunity of meeting Dr. Simon and his wife, who was a candidate for the Panamanian Senate. Dr. Simon is the son of one of Panama's most distinguished citizens, and who has been educated in Chicago and went back to Panama to practice many, many years ago. He has been most successful and a great influence for the good of the Republic. The son is a graduate of Michigan State College at East Lansing, Michigan, who knew several people with whom I am well acquainted. His brother, another Simon, is the Panamanian Consul in Chicago, whom I know and have met on many occasions.

A political campaign was on in Panama while I was there and I attended many of the meetings and listened to many of the speeches which were made.

I went over to the Pacific side, partly through the Canal and partly by automobile, but the experience of going through the Gatun Locks and the Culebra Cut was the most interesting. We went through the Gatun Locks and Culebra Cut by tugboat and then were met and taken to Panama City.

Panama City is one of the most beautiful cities in the western world and the El Panama Hotel there is probably unsurpassed for the uniqueness of its architecture and its ultra-modern construction.

One of the loveliest homes in Panama is the residence of our United States Ambassador to Panama, while the monument to Balboa overlooking the entrance to the Canal from the Pacific is imposing and impressive.

In Panama City I found that there was a group of people interested in Unitarianism and liberal religion, who had been holding meetings every Sunday. Mr. Arthur Donaldson, Maintenance Division, Balboa, Canal Zone, is the Chairman of the group. We had a very interesting conversation about the future of a liberal religious movement in the Panama Canal Zone. I also talked with the Secretary of the group in Balboa, Mrs. Cornelius Haman. They wanted me to promise that after next Easter I would come and preach for them in Balboa. They want a student minister for the summer and I have already taken up with the President of our theological school at the University, Dr. Wallace Robbins, the possibility of a student going to Panama for the summer.

I had altogether too little time in the Panama Canal Zone. While it was very warm it was not oppressive, the people dress appropriately, and the experience is one which I am sure would deepen the admiration of every citizen of this country if they were to see how we are meeting the responsibility of protecting the Panama Canal, and what it means to the future security of the Western Hemisphere. I may tell you more about this when time and space permit.

As we sailed out of the entrance to the Panama Canal, through the opening of the subterranean nets which guard the entrance, I realized we were homeward bound, with but one more stop, at Tela, Honduras.

* * *

Tela is a small coast community, wholly occupied with the banana industry. Here we took on 47,888 bunches of bananas. They started loading in the evening at 7 o'clock, and were loading until the next afternoon when we sailed. Most of the men loading the ship were barefooted and wore the most ragged clothing. They were a strange mixture: Indian, Spanish, Negro, White and some Hindus.

I stood on the deck of the ship and

watched them for a long time with many questions arising in my mind and many emotions stirring in my heart. I went 41 miles up into the jungle in an automobile with railroad car wheels, which took us over the railroad tracks used for bringing out the bananas.

Here in the jungle I saw the thatched roof homes built high on stilts, with outdoor mud ovens, where the bread was baked; little children without clothing, and poverty such as I have never witnessed before. No lights, no radio, no newspapers, there they were in the heart of the Central American jungle. But they seemed to be content, the children were playing with the zest and laughter of little children anywhere. Here I saw many of the black howler monkeys chattering in the trees and jumping from limb to limb with an agility and grace unbelievable.

I have thought many times about that jungle experience, and seeing the whole banana industry from the little shoot running up from the root until the fruit is on one's own table increased my respect for the banana. The care, attention and science necessary for its production is unbelievable to one who doesn't know about it. Modern methods are constantly being developed and the battle over the susceptibility of the banana plant to parasites and destructive blights is gradually being won.

Sailing from Tela, we had three beautiful days on the Carribbean and the Gulf, and late one afternoon I watched the blue gradually disappear and saw the first evidence of the muddy Mississippi as it flowed into the Gulf. I knew that we would soon be in the Mississippi and on our way to New Orleans and home.

Probably I shall refer often to my experiences and impressions on this trip. I didn't realize until I entered my pulpit the Sunday after my return how much benefit the change of scenery and the rest had brought to me.

* * *

I express my very great appppreciation to the Reverend Aaron S. Gilmartin of the First Unitarian Society of Fort Wayne for the admirable manner in which he occupied our pulpit during the two Sundays of my absence. I have heard nothing but words of praise and commendation for the excellency of his sermons and the graciousness of his personality. It may interest you to know that Mr. Gilmartin has accepted the pastorate of the Unitarian Church of Seattle, Washington, which is near the campus of the State University and where the impact of his personality and fine mind will be felt by the University and city. I predicate for him a great career in the pulpit of our liberal faith.

* * *

On May 8th, 9th and 10th I had the privilege of attending the 30th National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I had never been in Tulsa and as we entered its environs from Kansas City I realized we were about to see a most unusual and interesting place—a city built after the coming of the automobile, enabling the planners and founders of the city to have wide thoroughfares and spacious streets, quite dissimilar to the narrow streets in cities built before the automobile era. The buildings are new and impressively clean, due of course to the fact that no coal is burned in Tulsa. The impression I have of Tulsa, Oklahoma is so favorable that I can hardly write without hyperbole.

Thursday evening, May 8th, I addressed the Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Church of Tulsa, of which the Rev. Robert W. Sonen is minister.

As I sat and listened to the unusual reports of the progress of the congregation during the year I felt that our orthodox friends, with their emphasis on fundamentalism were not the only religious influence in the southwest. The church is flourishing. An expansive program was discussed and voted upon, involving the purchase of new property and the construction of more adequate building facilities to meet the growing needs of the congregation.

Reverend Sonen and his wife will be at our International Congress on Religion at Oxford, England in August and I hope to renew my friendship with them. While he was a student here in Chicago, he told me he frequently attended our church. The Tulsa church is an architectural gem of Colonial tradition: white pews trimmed in walnut and a worshipful chancel. Next year they are planning on having two identical morning services.

I met many members of the congregation and found them to be people of exceptional vision and devoted to the cause for which their church stands.

* * *

The next day, Friday, May 9th, I twice addressed the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America; and just before I was to present a citation to the Muskingum Watershed Conservancy District of Ohio, the Chairman introduced Mr. Leonard Schwartz, the Director of Conservation of the State of Illinois, and to my complete surprise Mr. Schwartz started his address by paying an unusual tribute to me. I couldn't imagine what was happening when, at the conclusion of his encouraging and inspiring words he presented me with a beautiful citation from the Department of Conservation of the State of Illinois, signed by himself and the Governor, and William Lodge, Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Department of Conservation of the State of Illinois, and the other members of the Advisory Board.

I was invited to the platform to receive the citation, and for one of the few times in my lifetime found myself almost unable to speak.

The citation is a beautiful document, is now being framed, and will hang in our church office. It seems that this had been planned for a long time and that many of the delegates were aware of it, but it had been kept completely from me. Never was I more surprised and never more delightfully so. It was a great moment for me, when I thought of that winter's day in January, thirty years ago, when 54 of us sat down in the Chicago Club and organized the Izaak Walton League of America. I had the honor of naming the League and out of the 54 Founders there are only 19 of us still living.

The Izaak Walton League of America is a more powerful and influential organization for conservation in this country than it ever was and its future is indeed bright. The Tulsa Convention was attended by many delegates from all over the United States and was a working convention, and I think one of the best national conventions the League has ever held.

The friendships which I have made among the Conservationists through the years are the warmest friendships of my life.

* * *

A few evenings ago I had the opportunity of attending a dinner given to probably the greatest living historian, Professor Arnold Toynbee. I have lectured upon his books in our book lectureship; I have read everything he has written and I looked forward to the occasion with great anticipation.

In spite of the unprecedented crowd, which was the largest dinner ever served in the Casino Club, it was a thrilling experience to hear him and to meet him. He was introduced most appropriately by one of Chicago's finest scholars, Mr. Stanley Pargellis, Librarian of the Newberry Library.

As he stood at the lectern with his silvery hair, the benign face of a philosopher of history, and gave us his interpretation of the historical trends in the contemporary world, I found a renewal of hope that no matter how critical and disastrous certain events seemed to be, they contribute to the general pattern of world history, and that man, climbing and falling through the ages, will ultimately reach the high destiny to which he aspires.

Professor Toynbee stated with clarity and with reason his opinion that the destiny of western civilization was involved in a mutual sharing of responsibility by all the free peoples of the world. Plainly and bluntly he outlined what he conceived would be the role of the United States in this program. There was much that he said that would meet with disagreement in the thinking of many, but the long look of human history would justify Toynbee's interpretation. It was a stimulating evening and everyone left with a deepened conception of the problems of democracy and an acute awareness of the dangers which threaten the the world.

* * *

Well, I have exceeded my space and I hope in the summer numbers of the *Liberalist* to tell you about my summer plans and of the experiences which come to me as I go *Along the Way.*

CORRECTIONS

Dr. Bradley left immediately after Easter, hence did not see the proof of the May *Liberalist.* We are glad to make the following corrections.

On page 3, left-hand column, 17th line, should read "nearly 1700 people had gathered" for the morning service.

Right-hand column, page 3, 7th line, should read: "The Rev. John R. Heyworth, of Unity Church, Chicago;"

The top line in the left-hand column, page 4, should read: "splendid construction and enduring leather was presented by the Usher's Club; which, as I go about my travels," etc.

Among the Pines

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Faint murmurs from the pine tops
reach my ear,
As if a harpstring—touched in some
far sphere—
Vibrating in the lucid atmosphere,
Let the soft south-wind waft its music here.

A CITATION

Accompanying the Conservation Merit Award

Presented May 9, 1952 to

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Dr. Preston Bradley receives the Merit Award presented by the Advisory Board of the Illinois Department of Conservation by reason of his having made Illinois known worldwide for its practices in preservation of natural resources and programs of restoration. Other honors have come to him in the field of conservation, where in 1922, he was one of a group of 54 founders of the Izaak Walton League of America. Chosen president in the mid-thirties, he served for four years. Today he serves the Izaak Walton League as a national president emeritus and as member of the Board of Directors of the Izaak Walton League of America Endowment, Inc.

The Advisory Board wishes to pay tribute, also, to Dr. Bradley's career in the church which led to his becoming a national figure. Founding in 1912 the present Peoples Church of Chicago, now united with the Unitarian Conference, today he has three appearances a week in his own pulpit to great congregations and thousands more listen to his Sunday morning broadcasts over WJJD.

His devotion to conservation is reflected in the unusual practice among churches of dedicating the Sunday following the annual convention of the Izaak Walton League to conservation and broadcast of an annual conservation sermon.

He is considered one of the most fluent and successful speakers on outdoor subjects in America and has never failed to place Illinois in its proper place in the spotlight of vigilant conservation practices. And his favorite recreation is fishing for small mouth bass.

All the while carrying the torch for conservation, Dr. Bradley has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library since 1925; is a life member of the Art Institute of Chicago; is editor of the religious publication, "The Liberalist;" member of the Drama League of America; the Chicago Press Club; the City Club and the Adventurer's Club in Chicago; the National Arts Club in New York, and the Author's Club of London, England.

Tribute likewise is paid to his abilities as an author, having written three recent best selling books, "Courage for Today," "Mastering Fear," and "Power from Right Thinking."

Illinois is proud to honor its distinguished citizen, Dr. Preston Bradley.

THE NECESSITY FOR FAITH

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1952

LAST Sunday we discussed the necessity for hope. This morning we are going to talk for a few minutes on the necessity for faith. Each sermon I think when it reaches its finest example is a personal testimony born out of personal experience and particularly when a preacher picks out a great theme, such as "Faith" or "Hope," each of which constitutes one of the greatest themes on earth. No one can speak more authoritatively upon an abstract subject than the person who has had intimate and personal relationship with the subject. It isn't enough just to philosophize about it or just treat it academically; and it isn't enough just to apply the principles of logistics so that in the presentation of a subject one would command the respect of the erudite and the intellectually informed. That is for the lecture platform. That is not within the province of the preacher.

When I rise to preach a sermon, while I respect the intellectual niceties and I try to merit the fair thinking of those who apply the principles of logic in their attitudes toward the problems of life, I think there is a "plus," something beyond which all that goes. At the moment I think of the illustration of the personality who feels that they are developing an incompetency and inadequacy to meet the responsibilities of individual living, so they consult the psychoanalyst for an analysis of life. Then perhaps when they have discovered where there are defective environmental influences and associational relations which their life has that are interfering with the fine flowering of their personality, then they go out to the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist supplements the analysis of the psychoanalyst. Now both the psychoanalyst and the psychiatrist are necessary. They are both important, but it is quite impossible for either one to give the great remedy. They may understand all the contributing factors. They may analyze the reasons for the personality's collapse. They might recognize the inabilities of keeping life integrated and operating in terms of completeness and wholeness. But it isn't enough just to reveal to an individual who is in trouble the realities and factual circumstances of their lives. Back of every fact there is an oscillation. Back of every objective there is a subjective influence. And only those who are able to penetrate beyond the factual relationships of life into the area of the soul have the remedy. The naturalistic type of psychologist or psychiatrist can reveal facts. They have not the remedy. They do not possess the cure. It is necessary to acquaint ourselves with the basic facts but if we just know the facts about ourselves it isn't enough and here's where the awakening within the human spirit of the basis of a great faith begins.

Do you know any more tragic person in this world than the person who is devoid of faith? I don't. I meet a great many people these days as I go up and down the country and go about my work and I would like to talk to them but I let them talk to me a little bit first. You know it's a very good plan to let the other fellow talk himself out because when you talk yourself out you have projected a pretty good conception of the kind of fellow you are. And one of the ways to form

an opinion and get an accurate judgment of another is to just let him talk it out, and the longer he talks the more he is saying about himself and the more he is indicating his own defects and his own problems. That is the finest approach to make. So, I listen to people for a long time and I let them talk it out and that gives me the approach by which I can help them, an approach that I wouldn't have otherwise. And I am meeting people these days as I have never met them before in all the activity of my life, for I have tried to keep rather closely related to contemporary currents of life straight through my life. I have never been content to be tyrannized by the past and I have never developed my philosophy of life from comparison with previous experience. I have always tried to be a contemporary, to live in the hour in which I live and to understand as best I can the currents and from them their subtler and deeper streams running through the life of the world in this hour. And the only thing that really frightens me about it, and it is rather frightening, is when I meet a person who says "I have lost faith in everything." It is frightening to me when I see a social contact developing and expressing itself on a superficial basis, a sense of losing faith; and I don't think there is any more tragic moment that a person can ever get themselves into than the moment when they have weakened the very supports for their own effective living by losing faith. It is a battle that all of us are constantly engaged in. I will grant you that. I know that in many experiences of my own life I have had to garner up all the strength that I could garner to maintain the sobriety of confidence which is faith, because of the personal experiences I have had with people when they have collapsed in my very presence or have betrayed me; when I have had a great faith that they would accomplish great things. It is always a tragic moment when your idol turns out to have feet of clay and mud, and it requires an increase of equipment, and great strength to meet that kind of a disaster in your life.

That is the moment when the words of the psalmist: "Deep calleth unto the deep over the noise of the waterfall." In the spring in the land of the Poet-Singer, when the snows had melted in the land of gulleys and caverns, the waters, as they rushed in torrential splendor down the mountainside to the valley would make a noise, but you couldn't see the water, and so the psalmist passed one day and he saw that, and he sang, "Deep answered unto the deep over the noise of the waterfall."

Now there comes a time in your life and mine when the deep is calling to the deep, and if you can't find it and if you haven't it, you are in tragic trouble. There is no life that escapes the depths, sooner or later. Life may have been a song for you, a sweet song. It always may have been sunrise over the horizon of your life. Things always may have been easy for you. You have seen others suffer and wondered why. You have seen security and some of you have seen fame and some of you have seen power, and life has gone on with a rhythmic intensity of wellbeing and you have felt "nothing can touch me. I am impervious, impregnable. I am safe. My life shall be a series of mountaintop experiences," you say. "I shall never know the valley and the noise of the waterfall in the depths." Ah, my friend, if you are listening, one of these days you are in for a rude awakening. You will not miss the valley, and you will not miss the tears, and you will not miss the agony of failure. You will not miss it, and in that hour, if you can retain

your faith, you will go back to the mountaintop. They will not keep you in the valley. And the hot tears will dry on your face, and while the memories will bless and burn forever in your heart, the tragedy, the sorrow, the disappointment, the grief, the frustration —all of it, if you can apply the continuity of a continuing faith—all will be well.

Explain to me the endurance of those who without it would have completely disintegrated. Find those who have sought surcease from the challenge of life, who seek some escape, and they are only adding to the burden and the heartache. See them as they attempt to crowd out the reality of their own situation by some introduction of some external panacea. It lasts for a few hours. There is a little glitter. There is faint glamor. Then night and loneliness and the dark. That is the time. And if you can keep an anchorage in that hour by retaining your faith in the sublime and ultimate destiny of goodness and beauty, the miracle will happen in your life. How is it that two people, sharing the same grief and the same burden and the same sorrow and the same disappointment and the same agony—one of them will go to pieces. One of them will throw away his life under the imperative of the tragedy. One of them will resort to drink and narcotics. One will try to forget. And the other will find strength in remembering. One will want to run away and tear out of his life every beautiful association of those he has loved. Others will want to live with them. What is the difference between those two people? I know—faith! *Faith!* One of them is completely broken and disillusioned by the experiences of life. The other one uses them. One does not know the remedial values of suffering. He is afraid of pain, and no one who has merely run away from pain is ever a fully developed life. That is the difference in people, and there is no greater tragedy that I face, as I go about my work, than the tragedy of meeting people who say they have lost faith and confidence in everything; and particularly now when some in high places under accusation and attack are experiencing grave difficulty and the judgments of men leap with alacrity to their lips and that is tragedy. Lose faith in one's country, then everything's wrong and everything's rotten. Nothing's right. So one of the noblest and most honorable sentiments in the world, the love of one's country, becomes mutilated and undermined with a lack of faith and it creates disaster. Lose faith in one's God and say "Why?" Look up into the face of God and say "Why, God? Why?" Then faith evaporates, and disaster comes.

Don't you see faith is creative? Don't you see if you lose confidence in God, in your country, in society and mankind, in institutions, in religion, that it automatically has a degenerative effect upon you? Well, it does. You can't afford to have the imperative of a great faith evaporate out of your life. If there is an individual who has that today and you feel embittered and cynical and critical about everything, you are creating a negative personality for yourself. The person who is never positive is always a person in trouble. The negative type of person, who hates and despises everybody and everything and has no confidence in anybody or anything is a negative personality and that negative personality throws wide open every door for his own dissolution. Oh I wish I might inspire now in every mind listening to me your creative thought for the next thirty seconds; a creative thought; oh, if I could be instrumental

in this service in lifting you out of the non-faith environment and make you feel for thirty seconds that this is not final; that corruption is not the last word; that mediocrity is not the solution; if I could make you feel and see that never once in the whole history of freedom, never once has it been in jeopardy or danger, never once has my country ever been in deep trouble (and it is in deeper trouble today than it's ever been) but what there was always raised up in the life of a country a personality. America was never yet let down. In every crisis the light broke and the personality came and the people responded. That will happen again.

Never once when an individual life had lost faith in man and in everything, ready to succumb without a struggle, but that deep called unto the deep and somewhere in the depths of that life there was a response and that life responded. Perhaps it might have been a sunset. Perhaps it might have been a beautiful picture. Perhaps it might have been the heart of a friend. Perhaps it might have been a star. Perhaps it might have been a sermon. Perhaps it might have been a song. God has an infinite variety of ways of reclaiming your faith. But you mustn't shut the door in His face. You must keep your hearts, the windows and doors of your life open. Take all of God you can comprehend and don't worry about the rest. Let the theologians argue that out. Don't you try to settle all the problems about God. Don't try to settle everything in your own intellectual capacity. Let the theologians argue and quarrel about that. Take as much of God as you understand. Let the rest go. Don't spend your years living behind a question mark. Don't say to God "You answer me this. You answer me that. I want to know this. I want to know that!" Why that will end in disaster. Come out from behind the question mark. Don't be like the little girl who stood by the sea on a rainy day and the heavens had opened an avalanche of water, and the little girl stood on the seashore and as the tide came in she turned to her father and she said "Look, Daddy, the rain is filling up the ocean!" The rain wasn't filling up the ocean. She was judging by appearances. It was the mighty background of the tide from the depths of the sea that was filling the ocean. You let the tide sweep into your life and it will be different!

Dr. Bradley's Sunday Morning Sermons for June

June 1—"WHY BISHOP SHEEN SUCCEEDS"
June 1st will be Radio Sunday

June 8—"THE NEXT PRESIDENT"
June 8th will be Youth Sunday and Dr. Bradley will preach his Annual Baccalaureate Sermon to graduates of Chicago's schools and colleges

June 8th is the closing service for the 1951-1952 Season

Church opens for the 1952-1953 Season on September 21st

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
(Closing Sunday, June 8—Sunday School Picnic, June 15. Watch Church Calendar for full particulars of Picnic. Opening Sunday for 1952-1953 Season, September 21.)

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
(Closing Sunday, June 8. Opening in Fall, Sept. 21.) Hear Dr. Bradley all summer at 11 a.m. on WJJD in a new program called "Inspiration and Music."

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Re-opens in October, 1952. Meets every other Monday during the season. For summer events, contact Mrs. Lester Nelson, 909 Wilson Ave., LOngbeach 1-8450.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, June 10th, Annual Spring Dinner at the Caruso Theatre Restaurant, 936 Rush Street.. 6:30 p.m.
Reservations with Joanne Plett, ARdmore 1-2752. Operatic and high-class entertainment; audience participation.
For summer events, Miss Rosemary Christenson, Corresponding Secretary, 2805 N. Leavitt St.

Men's Club—Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue, EDgewater 4-5998.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of high school age).
Secretary, Roberta Rosseter, 4183 N. Clarendon, DIversey 8-2541.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
through June 6.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Arthur J. Williams, Jr., 4237 N. Hermitage Ave.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, 4th Friday, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.
(All Scout Meetings during the church season only.)

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning the entire church service is broadcast...11:00 a.m.
Beginning with Sunday, June 15, and continuing throughout the summer, Dr. Bradley will be heard at 11 o'clock over WJJD on a new program called "Inspiration and Music."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

I WONDER, do you ever have the blues? Do you ever get down in the dumps? I know there are times when, if I were to consult the dictates of my own feelings, I would run away from it all. We all have to face that. So when you and I get into these depressive moments, what's the best thing to do? Of course if there is a continuity of serious depressive hours and days in your life, the first step is a thorough physical examination, for there is a direct relationship between one's chemical reactions and the attitude of your spirit. If you doubt that read *The Anatomy of Happiness,* by Martin Gumpert, M.D.

If your physical health is all right, the next step is to immediately put forces of will to work to do something which will change your whole attitude toward yourself; do something that will re-create a feeling of self-importance; change the whole psychic atmosphere of your whole personality; perhaps you will only take a different bus on your way to work; possibly you will buy a new hat; or walk three or four blocks before you board your car. You try that, the next time you wake up and the sky is all leaden and the letter doesn't come that you expected and the laundry is late, and you're all upset and your attitude is—"What's the use?"

That's why I think it is a very good thing psychologically that women's styles change every year. I'm all for it. Change is good for the whole mental attitude toward life. Go somewhere you have never been before. Do something you have never done before. If you generally wash on Monday, for goodness' sake change the day once in awhile and go somewhere on Monday and wash on Tuesday instead. Break the monotony.

Another good thing to do if you feel a little down in spirit is to start planning something wonderful for the near future. Perhaps it's a garden; or a little trip; or a visit to a friend you haven't seen for a long time. Don't plan for five or six years hence, but plan for the next Sunday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday.

You try that and Old Man Blues will say "I've met my Waterloo!" Try it, and with the poet Browning you can "Greet the unseen with a cheer!" You greet the unseen with a cheer and you will drive the blues away. Why doesn't somebody write a song about that?

BOOK CHATS

WHENEVER I begin to think of vacation, I think of books that will be good summer reading. For days now I have been beset by the outer cover of a book, from which the title "The Healing Woods" greets my eye. Whenever I walk into my study, my glance automatically takes in the cover of this book. It is a perfect replica in green woods, connecting lakes, little harbors and narrows, of the country where I have spent my summers for so many years. And there is life in the picture —a woodland rabbit on the edge of the nearby lake, and a canoe that has left the shore, with a man and woman at the paddles, and blankets and much camping equipment in the center of the canoe. I can't say how you would feel about it, but the outer cover of that book ought to be enough to start anyone out to the north woods.

The book happens to picture the Saranac Lake region in the Adirondacks. I have not yet read this book as completely or methodically as I shall want to read it later. But I can't pick it up and start reading anywhere and immediately lay it down again, for the vividness of the experiences described in it and the validity of the writing from the camper's standpoint, are just one step removed from the reader's actually being there himself.

I quote from the opening of the book: "It was a splendid morning in May when I met my new-found friend and guide, Mr. Fred Rice of Saranac Lake, to begin my journey into what was once known as the great wilderness.

"What had brought me to the boathouse dock this morning was an advertisement in the local paper which had read:

> "Wanted: To get in touch with some invalid who is not improving, and who would like to go into the woods for the summer.

"When Mr. Rice had put this notice in the paper he had been trying to find a sportsman among the invalids in the village; he had not thought of guiding a woman and certainly not a sick woman barely out of her teens. I was all that fate provided, however, and he decided in his forthright way that I would have to do. Since my small income did not allow for the services of a guide, he offered to take me into camp for what it was costing me to live in the village; and almost at once he began the improbable undertaking of molding me into his notion of a model sportsman."

Three years of bed rest and as many operations had done nothing for this invalid's lungs. Her family and friends were shocked and incredulous when they learned that one who had lain for three and a half years in bed was going off to the woods to live in a tent. But rather than undergo the still more serious operation which the doctors were labeling her "last chance," Martha Reben decided to risk a summer in the open. She was city born and bred, yet a simple life in the woods held a strong appeal for her.

This is a refreshing and lyrical story of a woman whose search for health in the wilderness opened up a whole new way of life for her.

From the day she sets out with Mr. Rice, she begins to respond to the friendliness and good humor of the

wild creatures around her campsite home.

This is more than an account of her miraculous recovery. It is a story brimming over with nature lore as seen through the inexperienced eyes of one to whom these wonders are a new and fresh discovery.

Because Martha Reben had been desperately ill, she reacted to the wild life in its natural state with a heightened sense of appreciation.

Eagles came to roost in the big pine above her. Deer, flying squirrels and ducks paid daily visits to her woodland parlor, and even a robin would perch trustingly on her shoulder.

The book is often very funny and always has the glamor of the intimacy of the silent, quiet woods—that is, quiet from city noise, but alive every so often with the splash of a fish, the whir of wings, the cry of a loon, as when, in the semi-darkness of her tent listening to the many voices of the night and wondering what caused them, Martha had drifted into sleep only to be awakened by the sound of Mr. Rice's voice.

"Awake?

"I saw him outlined in the doorway of the tent. From behind him, on the water I heard a strange cry.

"Thought you might like to hear and see a loon.

"I grabbed a jacket off the foot of my bed and slipped into it as I followed him down to the shore of the lake. A light breeze ruffled the water and a path of moonlight spread from my feet to the opposite shore of the pond. The birches on the little island off camp were all stemmed in silver.

"Mr. Rice moved close to me and lowered his voice. 'Watch that path of moonlight.'

"Suddenly I saw two dark forms on the bright path, and the strange, wild cry I had heard was repeated. The two big birds began running on the water, sending the spray, glinting, into the air. They appeared to be racing, and they ran halfway across the pond, beating the water with their wings as they ran. From time to time they sent forth exultant, yet somehow mirthful cries. We could hear the splash of their wings beating the water.

"'Tisn't often they play this way. You're lucky to see them tonight.'

"The lake and the woods, drenched in moonlight, held an enchantment I had never known existed. The sportiveness of the two big birds lent the final magic touch. They turned around now, and began running back down the moonlight path toward us, symbols of all that was wild and free, as they voiced their rapture."

The format of the book is very lovely. At the head of each short chapter is a picture of some wild life, of woods, water or air—beavers building a dam, deer at the water's edge for a drink, wild ducks flying, all printed in rich green and white, to further the woodsy effect.

When springtime puts a longing in one's heart for the out-of-doors and the calendar says vacation is still a long ways off, I cannot think of a more fascinating book to read. It would hold its fascination year after year at this season, or, it might be passed along from one friend to another. As for a gift book at this season, I can't think of anything that would be more acceptable.

The price is $3 and it is published by Thomas Y. Crowell.

At the close of the book Martha Reben says, "I wish I could say that I was cured of tuberculosis during my second summer in the woods, but the truth is that I never knew when this came about. It was more than ten years after I first went into the woods before I had an X-Ray taken or had

a medical examination of any kind. These tests confirmed what I had already guessed—that I no longer had tuberculosis.

"The wilderness did more than heal my lungs, however. While it dwarfed me by its immensity and made me conscious of my insignificance, yet it made me aware of the importance of being an individual, capable of thinking and feeling not what was expected of me, but only what my own reasoning told me was true. It taught me fortitude and self-reliance, and with its tranquility it bestowed upon me something which would sustain me as long as I lived; a sense of the freshness and the wonder which life in natural surroundings daily brings and a joy in the freedom and beauty and peace that exist in a world apart from human beings."

* * *

Hettie Gray Baker, well-known cat fancier and author of Your Siamese Cat has this to say about a book of light reading which has come to my desk, on the outer cover of which reposes a cat with very lustrous eyes. The book is called "Just One Cat," is by Asa Wilgus, and Mrs. Baker says: "Asa Wilgus has a rare magic where cats are concerned. Bill, the gold and white kitten who grew into a mammoth cat, is a vivid personality. Quietly he wins his way to your heart, just as he took over Thomas's resisting heart, and Myra's, until he was secure in their devotion. Bill is almost as real to me as my own three cats."

This is not a book for cat fanciers alone. "Just One Cat" is packed with human interest and will provide a delightful reading experience for the entire family.

Bill, the cat, mostly eyes, ears and tail at first, became a very long, lynx-like tom, with the face of an owl—proud, aloof, mannerly—never looking up to the Stillwell's as superior beings, but accepting them as creatures on his own level.

Thomas Stillwell is fifty-five, six feet tall, gaunt, weathered, granite-faced sea dog wearing a captain's cap with anchor over its visor, puffing a sawed-off pipe of sweet-smelling tobacco, his voice as hearty as the breaking of waves.

Myra Stillwell, his wife, forty-five, slim, pale-faced. Sunny, though quiet in disposition, in the evening games of Chinese checkers, she would wait long spells between his cautious moves —then carefully let him win.

The story begins on an island off the Maine coast, solitary home of the city-bred Stillwells. Tragedy strikes. Home and job lost, Myra, Thomas and Bill face life amid factories and tenements in San Francisco. How Bill meets this challenge gives a rare insight into the unique, unspoken relationship which can exist between man and animal.

The story of this appealing Down East couple and their adopted cat is so moving and heartwarming that it cannot fail to stir the depths of the reader's emotions.

The author, Asa Wilgus, has spent much of his life traveling and working all over the country in a variety of occupations. He is especially familiar with the New England setting in which the story opens. Other works of his include "Tad Potter," and "Glen Gablin." A. A. Wyn is the publisher. $2.50.

* * *

In the category of delightful, piquant little stories is one called "Little Mule," by John Burress, published by the Vanguard Press. "Little Mule" at the time the book opens, and he is taken to the funeral of his father, is four years old. His right name is Jefferson Randall Singleton, but he was

such a stubborn little cuss that everyone called him Little Mule.

Somehow the name seemed to fit him and he didn't mind it so much as he minded most everything else. He was downright puzzled at the world, for when he was most serious the world laughed at him. When he tried his hardest to obey, he was usually punished.

Frances Ludlow in a review of the book said: "For humor that ranges all the way from uninhibited laughter to the quiet chuckle straight from the heart, I recommend Little Mule . . . it is always real and warm and human . . . Good fun and adult fun."

After the death of Little Mule's preacher-father life wasn't easy for the Singletons in the farming country of Missouri, but they always pulled together and in the end things worked out all right. If they were close to despair at times, when the emergency was over their laughter was all the merrier. When Little Mule wasn't too busy rescuing stray animals or contending with Bud and his sisters, even he earned his way.

When he finally plows his first field of cotton with his own beloved mule, Baby, he proves he is on his way to growing up and has earned the right to be called Jefferson. But to the reader he will always remain the indomitable Little Mule, before whose wide-eyed candor adult conventions and evasions crumple." Little Mule is pictured in silhouette on the outer cover and his sturdy little figure makes the book seem inviting even before one opens it.

* * *

"Crawfie," for two decades devoted friend and guide to England's royal family, and who wrote "The Little Princesses" and "Mother and Queen: The Story of Queen Mary," has now written "Elizabeth the Queen," the story of Britain's new sovereign.

This is an intimate memoir in which you will come to know the twenty-five year old girl who is Britain's new Queen as a woman of dignity, nobility, charm and, above all, simplicity.

Marion Crawford takes you through the imposing gates of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace to rooms and scenes hitherto veiled from public eyes.

You join the late King George VI as he plays with his beloved children, you listen to their off-the-record talk and opinions and share some of their fun over family jokes.

The book is brought up to date and covers Queen Elizabeth's life, her Canadian tour, visit to America and the brief African expedition, up to the moment when the awesome sad news of her father's sudden death brought the realization that she was now England's Sovereign.

You ride through London streets in official cars, ride through green forests of England, share the colorful splendor of parades, reviews and launchings.

With courage this proud girl fulfills exhausting duties, rises above physical pain and illness to keep promises and subordinates personal dislikes to give others joy. She experiences the disappointment of never being able to choose her own clothes, furniture or food. She rises to new spiritual heights in selfless devotion to her realm.

There is the fairylike tale of Elizabeth's romance with the handsome, dashing Prince Philip, the rejoicing over the birth of little Prince Charles; the devotion shown by her Canadian subjects.

There is a section of brief biographies of the English Queens who preceded Elizabeth II, as well as lists of England's rulers and genealogical charts at the close of the book.

The book abounds in very fine and

very interesting photographs; intimate family pictures and pictures of her Canadian and American visits and the trip to Africa. All in all a great many people will find this an extremely interesting book.

Here is a quotation from page 91 of the book:

"She was no plaster saint, but always a very human little person—sometimes quick-tempered and inclined to be a little overcritical. The curious thing, however, was that she was quick to see her own faults when they were pointed out to her, and eager to correct them. . . . I do not think I have ever met a more resolute person, of any age. With her beauty and intelligence, if she had been born into an undistinguished family, she could have won distinction for herself in any work she undertook."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

HAVING just finished transcribing Dr. Bradley's Editorial from my notes, I probably get the same reaction that many of our readers will have, as they think: "Oh, Dr. Bradley is so very busy, so constantly in action, with his almost daily addresses, and the funerals and weddings and civic affairs in which he is active, and he gives such constant inspiration to others, how can it be that he ever feels depressed?" But probably one who is creative and who gives so much inspiration to others may easily become depressed at the inertia of the many who could do so much but who do little or nothing—who are content to be mere onlookers at the scene around them, taking no interest in any active program for civic or cultural betterment.

I certainly can realize from my own past experience that his advice "to do something that will change your whole attitude toward yourself and that will re-create a feeling of self-importance" is a sure cure: for I, like everyone else, have known what it means to feel moody, depressed and blue, but it seems to me that was a long time ago, unless one counts a general depression from this horrible weather we are having as I write this.

As I take stock of my own recent interests, I realize that I really haven't time to indulge in the blues, and I'm very grateful for all the outside activities I get myself involved in, because they truly keep me interested in life in general. For my latest interest I owe the immediate inspiration of it to two gentlemen. But way back of their part in it, I owe it to our great leader and my employer, Dr. Bradley, for it was because he brought a certain opportunity to the Peoples Church that I became interested in the Dale Carnegie Courses.

Did you ever stop to follow the intricacies of life's various patterns back to the source? I guess that is what Dr. Bradley meant recently when he referred to the waves of kindness which we sometimes set in motion and never

know to what far shore the ultimate effects may reach.

About three years ago I was one of the fortunate forty who accepted Dr. Bradley's offer of scholarships in a stepped-up Carnegie course, through the courtesy of Mrs. Patricia Evans, of the Mid-West Institute of Chicago. From that interesting beginning I became a full-course graduate of the course and joined the Dale Carnegie Club International when it was organized two and a half years ago. Our main interest is advancing the cause of good human relations and being of help in civic problems. In reality it is a great group of laymen trying to put Christianity into everyday action.

And now I come back to the two gentlemen who recently brought their influence to bear on my activities.

The President of our Dale Carnegie Club International, Mr. Jack Watkins, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, wrote an article in the Dale Carnegie Club International Magazine, in which he asked for suggestions as to a good International Project. Not liking to allow any good opportunity to go to waste through any inattention of my own I started thinking about this project and what it might be.

Now here is where the other gentleman's influence comes into the picture. In the apartment building next to the building in which Dr. Bradley lives there is a ground floor apartment occupied by Mrs. Anna Lyon and her son Clifford Lyon. They have lived there ever since I came to work for Dr. Bradley twelve and a half years ago.

When Mrs. Bradley was still well enough to go out walking once in a while, she would often come in and say, "It's a real pleasure to see Mrs. Lyon sitting in her living room window sewing. She greets everyone with such a glowing smile that it's an inspiration; and I just love to go by and get one of those smiles."

I met Mrs. Lyon through Skipper, Dr. Bradley's little dog. Mrs. Lyon had a fox terrier named Peter. We were walking the dogs one morning and she bestowed one of those glowing, bright smiles on me and started a friendly conversation. There, you see; even little dogs can have their influence in the lives of humans, too.

Then I met Clifford Lyon and we have all been friends ever since. Clifford is a very interesting gentleman: an artist, he designs convention displays for exhibitors, and is now doing the art publicity for a large chain of restaurants in Chicago; he is truly a genius in his work.

When I walked into the Lyon's living room after having read Jack Watkin's magazine article about a project suggestion, I said to Clifford: "I'm looking for an idea for a project. We want an international project. What shall it be?" "Oh," said Clifford, "help us Hemophiliacs, please."

Right then and there I started out on a one-woman campaign to help Hemophiliacs. First, it involved taking part in a speech contest in my own Chicago Chapter, with Clifford and his mother and my Aunt, Mrs. Thomson, and our friend Mrs. Eddins, of the Church, as guests. With the inspiration of their presence, I won the contest. But my pride has to take a fall, too, for when I carried the same speech to the District, I came out as Alternate.

Just to let you know that when I start working at anything I really work at it, when D. C. C. I. was first organized, I became Secretary of my chapter; then Secretary of the Chicago District, and for the past year have been Secretary of the Mid-West Division (Wisconsin, Illinois and northern Indiana).

On May 25th, at the Business Institute in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, our

Division Council is to have its quarterly business meeting, and maybe you think I wasn't happy when I received a letter asking me to give a ten minute talk on my Hemophilia Project. In addition, I am to have an opportunity to talk about it at a Project Clinic at the Annual International Convention which is to be held at Milwaukee this year.

From a one-woman campaign, as I look ahead into the future I "greet that future with a cheer" (one of Dr. Bradley's favorite expressions) for I can visualize wonderful results from a very small beginning. And where did I say the waves all started? From that offer of forty scholarships way back in 1949, which Dr. Bradley made from his pulpit on a Sunday morning.

Perhaps you are still wondering what a Hemophiliac is. Next month I shall tell you more about the project, but I've taken up all the space I should, so we will now dip into the Mail Bag.

* * *

I have just been talking about those waves of influence, and now here is a letter which bears the same thought.

In a recent Book Chat Dr. Bradley spoke of the book "With the Squirrels on the Hill." On March 26th he received the following lovely letter from Mrs. Toussaint, the author's wife, containing a beautiful idea for his 40th Anniversary:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is the letter I couldn't bring myself to write Sunday evening because my heart then was just too full of you and "Skipper" to put anything down on paper. You see, I listened to your sermon again Sunday (we are currently on the last (?) bout of measles, chicken pox and mumps—started February 17th, so I have been a part of your radio audience for several Sundays) and when you told of the illness of your little dog, I couldn't keep back the tears.

Our own little cocker left us on Good Friday of last year. He would have been 13 in April of that year. He saw our girls grow up and took care of all the babies who have at one time or another made their home with us, his final charges being the two little boys who through the kindness of The Cradle have become our sons.

So you see we know what a real friend your dog was—that he was a real part of you—and that he will always be a wonderful memory.

And now this week is a full one for you—and Sunday will be the 40th Anniversary of your pastorate at The Peoples Church.

As I listened to you Sunday, I couldn't help but think of the thousands of lives you have influenced—always for the best, and how wonderful it would be if all those people could pass before you, shake your hand and thank you. The assemblage would fill every church in the Chicago area—and then some, I know.

Your taking time out of your very busy days to write us a personal note thanking us for a copy of "With the Squirrels on the Hill"—and then your review of it in the February Liberalist—these are the things which, in addition to your wonderful years as a pastor, speaker, counselor and good citizen make you the great man you are.

If my husband ever becomes the writer I know he could be, for he has the ability and the faculty of seeing the humorous side of things and expressing himself so that people can get a chuckle out of them—if he ever does what I know he can, you will have a large part in that attainment, for you wrote encouraging words when he was starting.

Our very best wishes to you always

—and may the 50th anniversary be just as happy as this one.

Sincerely,

Lucille Toussaint.

* * *

The next letter I take from the mail bag is on the letterhead of the Board of Education, from Mr. Herold C. Hunt's office, and has to do with an address which Dr. Bradley gave. The letter is self-explanatory:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Before writing you to again tell you how very much we appreciated your coming to talk to the students of the Americanization Division of the Chicago Board of Education on February 19, at the Chicago Historical Society, I wanted to get the reaction of the students in the classes as they gave their reports to those who could not attend the meeting.

Without exception all students reported that it was the best talk they had ever heard. You have such a fine understanding of those foreign-born people, Dr. Bradley, and they know that. You talk right to them. The newcomers need to feel that we are ready to help them in their adjustment. Thank you for helping us do just that.

With my very best wishes to you in the wonderful work you are doing.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Helen G. Lynch

General Staff Chairman, Graduate Club of the Americanization Division, under the auspices of the Illinois Society of Colonial Dames.

* * *

And now from our dear friend and "front pew" listener, dear May L. Ferguson, who listens faithfully every Sunday of her life from her bed in Belvidere, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I certainly was in my "front seat" early. Cannot tell you how very glad I was to know you were home. We never missed you more. But I am glad you had this delightful change (Doctor's post-Easter vacation), away from the busy city, where so many demands are upon you daily. You need to get away.

So soon you will close church services for the summer. I shall miss your wonderful sermons, but you will have a rest, I hope. My one joy is Sunday at 11 a.m.

This is a sad, upset world; not a very bright outlook. But we still have God. A better day will come.

May God bless you, Dr. Bradley. My eyes are so bad, I see little. Perhaps you can read a part of this. I shall be with you each service.

Sincerely your friend,

May L. Ferguson.

Bless Miss May Ferguson's dear heart. One can easily tell that it was a struggle to write, yet she made the struggle to express her gratitude. There never was a more grateful spirit than Dr. Bradley's very true friend, and faithful contributor to our church, Miss May L. Ferguson. We are all grateful to her for her fine example of service to others.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

APRIL 16 TO MAY 15

APRIL

16—Sailed on "S.S. Chiriqui" for Colon, Panama, and post-Easter vacation.
28—Arrived in New Orleans, at end of vacation.
29—Address. 35th Anniversary Honor Lodge, A.F.&A.M., Robert Crosswhite, W.M.
30—Address. Shakespeare Anniversary, Chicago Woman's Club.

MAY

1—Address. Lake County Sportsman's Club, Community Club, Baldwin, Michigan.
2—Address. Family dinner of the Peoples Church School.
3—Funeral
Address. 21st Annual Shakespeare Dinner, Florentine Room, Congress Hotel.
4—Three sermons:
Peoples Church Service
Two Christenings
Sermon. Outdoor Theatre, Route 41, Hammond, Ind. Opening service.
Sermon. St. Timothy's Community Church, Gary, Indiana.
5—Chicago Methodist Ministers' meeting. Chicago Temple
Dinner. Casino Club. To hear Arnold Toynbee, great historian and philosopher.
6—Address. National Restaurant Assn. Navy Pier. 2,000 present.
Funeral
7—Funeral
Address. Bryn Mawr Community Church.
Left for Tulsa, Oklahoma
8—Address. All Souls Unitarian Church, Tulsa, Okla.
9—Two Addresses. Izaak Walton League of America Convention, Tulsa, Okla.
11—Mother's Day Service. Peoples Church.
Sermon. Warren Ave. Congregational Church.
12—Funeral
Address. Annual Spring Luncheon Woman's Club of Peoples Church.
Funeral
13—Funeral
Dinner. Abraham Lincoln Center to meet Rev. Kielty, Secy. of British Assembly of Unitarian Churches
Address. Van Buren Post No. 401 American Legion
14—Drake Hotel. Officers and Directors of Blind Service Assn., honoring Founder, Mrs. Gottfried D. Bernstein
15—Address. Purdue Center Auditorium, Ft. Wayne, Ind., International Harvester Co

FUNERALS

APRIL

30—Arthur H. Tosch

MAY

3—Mrs. Mary Anderson
6—Mrs. Emma Mielke
7—Fred B. Crowe
12—Sue Churchill
Edward Sinard
13—Thomas H. Sumner

CHRISTENINGS

MAY

4—Cheryl Eileen Mach, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Mach
Betty Louise Nelson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Wilford Nelson
11—Deborah Ann Eshoo, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Eshoo
John Charles Rosenfelder, son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Rosenfelder
Linda Marie Tarantino, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Tarantino

EASTER CHRISTENING
(omitted from previous month's list)
Anita Luisa Alcantara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Alcantara

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